

New York Tribune.
First to Last—The Truth—News—Editorials—Advertisements.
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You can purchase merchandise advertised in THE TRIBUNE with absolute safety—for if dissatisfaction results in any case THE TRIBUNE guarantees to pay your money back upon request. No red tape, no quibbling. We make good promptly if the advertiser does not.

As Americans.

For every American citizen one fact will stand out clear and beyond all else this morning. In defiance not alone of every principle of international law, but of every dictate of common humanity, American men, women and children, citizens of this neutral nation, have been exposed to death, have been actually murdered by German war craft.

For this murder there is no justification outside of that law of necessity paraded by the German Chancellor in the opening hours, when the first German regiments rushed through Belgium to consecrate at Louvain the work of German Kultur. The passengers, the American citizens, who embarked upon the Lusitania were protected by every rule and precedent of international law. They journeyed to an unblockaded port, and, thus journeying, were entitled to the protection supplied by the rules of civilized warfare.

The vessel on which they sailed was a fair prize for German warships. German sea power was entitled to capture the Lusitania if it could, to sink her if necessity compelled, but not until every non-combatant was taken from her decks, not until the safety of every life had been assured.

The proclamation of a submarine blockade issued by the German Admiralty was a creation of Germans; it had no warrant in international law, no defence in ordinary humanity. It was purely and simply an advertisement that Germany purposed to commit murder in certain waters; it was a declaration foreshadowing assassination; but in law it was nothing.

Now, it seems, German naval officers have carried out the threat of the German government. American lives have been taken, sacrificed to the blood lust of those who dictate German policy and direct German action on land and on sea.

A few short weeks ago the American government answered the German proclamation of a "war zone" and a submarine blockade with a calm, fair warning of what would be the consequences of the destruction of a single American life. In the voice of friendship, without bluster, anger, threat, the will of this nation was conveyed to the German government.

To that warning Germany has now made answer. American citizens may look for it not in the actual death list, however great that may be, but in the list of Americans sailing on the Lusitania, all exposed to death by German action. Such survivors as there may be owe their escape to no German hands. They have escaped the consenting murderers—that is all.

From this tragedy we shall now turn to Washington. More than a century ago, when this nation was weak and its people were lacking in all the resources of a great power, it made answer to the pirates of the Barbary Coast, who asserted a prerogative less intolerable than that which is now asserted in Berlin and executed upon the high seas.

No voice will be raised, no effort will be made, to force the hand, to hasten the action, of the President of the United States. But neither he nor any other official in our government can mistake the temper in which their fellow citizens will wait. They will wait with the casualty list in their hands. They will wait, fortified each day and each hour by new evidence and fresh details of the manner in which Americans, American women and children, have been exposed to death by German submarines.

If Germany against Americans, turns her artillery against neutral Americans, sparing neither age nor sex, what worse treatment can she reserve for an American nation resolved to defend its honor, its citizens, its women and its children? What can there be left for men or for nations to do but to resort to that method which in all ages has been the last resort against tyranny and anarchy?

In sinking the Lusitania Germany has turned a new page in history, in American history. She has carried across the Atlantic the spirit and the method written large over half Europe, revealed in the

ruins of Louvain, disclosed in the crumbling walls of Rheims, expressed in the terrible record of "atrocities" which have stained her arms in recent months. What Belgium has long known we Americans now know in part.

The voice of the United States must be heard first in Washington. But in this crisis the President will be assured of the support, the loyal, the unfaltering support, of American citizens of all parties and of no parties. In the presence of a national tragedy we shall be neither more nor less than American citizens. In the presence of a national peril we shall have but one thought, one duty and one determination.

The nation which remembered the sailors of the Maine will not forget the civilians of the Lusitania!

William Barnes, Illustrator.

From a Syracuse dispatch to "The American" we take the following:

Mr. Barnes did not bat an eye when it was being read. Sitting at the end of his lawyer's table, he continued to make sketches of flocks of sheep, which has been his favorite occupation since he has been in court.

The mistake of "The American's" correspondent is patent. Mr. Barnes was not sketching sheep. He was translating to paper his ideal of a Republican State Convention actively at work saving the constitution.

Follies of the Censorship.

It is impossible to ignore the increasing indignation in England at the stupid and inconsistent administration of the censorship. The official explanation is that the newspapers have been trying to work up a popular protest, but the fact is that from the very first the press has supported the government with singular loyalty; indeed it has been publicly acknowledged by those in authority that since the war began few editors have been guilty of serious indiscretion.

What irritates the readers no less than the editors and owners of newspapers is the senseless suppression of news on the pretence that it might be of service to the enemy, though in many instances it is quite certain that the news was known in Berlin days and sometimes weeks before it was published in London. Even the French official reports are occasionally mutilated to fit what are supposed to be the requirements of British consumption, and it is said that one of Sir John French's dispatches, after having been held up for a month, was given out at last in a modified form.

Curiously enough, there seems to be no objection to the most depressing and even panicky reports about slackness and drunkenness in dockyards and arsenals, while encouraging news about recruiting and equipment is so carefully withheld that when Mr. Lloyd George set forth the facts in the House of Commons the other day many were astonished to learn that so large an army had been raised.

Even more stupid is the treatment of private correspondence. It must be obvious that if there are spies at work they are unlikely to be found among members of the government and leading public men. Yet it is on these that the censors fasten. Only the other day Admiral Sir William Kennedy had to complain that three letters addressed to him had been opened—one of them from the British Vice-Consul at Trondheim. This sort of aimless folly has naturally caused much resentment, which cannot possibly be explained away by attributing it to party prejudice or to a want of reason on the part of the newspaper editors.

The Navy as It Is and as It Should Be.

From to-day until May 18 we shall have the vessels of the Atlantic fleet with us—a visit in which all New Yorkers will rejoice. Under the Taft administration there were two naval reviews in this harbor, and the ceremony is one well worth repeating, at least every other year—not alone for the wholesome effect on the fleet of the sense of being on parade before the public, but for the stimulation of popular interest in the condition and needs of the navy.

The officers and men of the fleet will be welcomed here with enthusiasm. From frequent contact with the personnel of the navy our people are familiar with its admirable quality. Standards for men and officers in the naval establishment have always been high, and they are higher to-day than ever before. So far as crews and officers go, so far as the too limited personnel of the present service is concerned there is nothing the matter with the navy.

The public will have a chance to inspect the super-dreadnoughts anchored in the North River and will be duly impressed with the fighting power of these magnificent units. It will see the Atlantic fleet at its best. But the impression gained will be one-sided and misleading if it fosters the belief that the fleet efficiency so far attained represents a genuine maximum of efficiency. It is nearer to a minimum than to a maximum. For the very powerful battleship units which we possess are not supported by the complements which make a rounded-out navy—by the battle-cruisers, destroyers, gunboats, submarines and auxiliaries necessary to put our fleets into condition to meet the fleets of another first class modern navy.

These are times which are trying all military establishments and methods as by fire. Two years ago, when no one thought a great world war possible and the idea that most international difficulties could be easily settled by arbitration possessed the public mind, Americans could be pardoned for contenting themselves with the idea that they had built up a "good enough" navy—good enough, that is, for ordinary pacific purposes, though lacking the ability to meet the crucial test of a great war.

It is the falling of this administration

that it has shut its eyes to the military lessons of the great world struggle and is satisfied to allow the United States to continue to get along with only a "good enough" naval establishment. What this nation really requires is a navy complete in all respects—a real guarantee of safety against foreign attack, not a guarantee that will turn into a "scrap of paper" when war comes.

Our navy to-day is short of battle-cruisers, of fifteen-inch guns, of gunboats, destroyers, submarines, airships, auxiliaries and naval bases. It is short of active officers and seamen and has no reserves. There are not enough sailors to put into commission all of our available warships, and there is not enough ammunition to last through a moderately extended naval campaign.

Rear Admiral Fiske was well within the truth when he testified last winter that it would take three years to put the ships of the navy into condition to meet the navy of a first class power and five years to get the personnel into proper condition.

Delight in the gallant showing of the big ships on the Hudson must therefore be tempered by the realization that the fleet, good as it is, is still lamentably below the standard which the United States ought to set in naval efficiency.

Wrecking the Liberty Bell.

Extension of the crack in the Liberty Bell, due, probably, to endeavors to strengthen it for its trip to the Panama-Pacific Exposition, has renewed the controversy about the advisability of permitting the relic to be sent on that long and difficult journey. It has also strengthened the case of those who originally opposed the proposal.

Doubtless it is desirable to give as many patriotic citizens as possible a chance to see the famous old bell. Yet it seems more desirable to preserve it for future generations in its present condition rather than as a more or less hopeless wreck, which might be the result of shipping it to the Coast. The framework placed inside it might save it from further damage; then, again, it might not. It is better to be safe than sorry.

Moving Pictures and Temperance.

Magistrate Leach of the Second District, which includes Brooklyn, Queens and Staten Island, finds the moving picture show a great force against intemperance. In 1907, he says, with a total population of 1,775,000 in the district, there were 16,000 persons arraigned for drunkenness. Last year, with a population of 2,267,625, there were only 8,382 arraignments. For this the magistrates hold the moving pictures primarily responsible, and so, declares Magistrate Leach, do the saloonkeepers.

Judges, police officials, social workers seem agreed that the saloon is gradually ceasing to be the "poor man's club"—to the extent, at least, that numbers of workmen do not spend their evenings in saloons, as they used to do. They may drop in for a drink or two on the way home from work, but after the evening meal they are much more likely to take the wife and children around the corner to the moving picture theatre than to wander off to drink with other men and settle the world's problems across the bar.

This is a tendency altogether wholesome, which should show its beneficial results in crime statistics and savings bank deposits, for the "movies" are not likely to cost as much, week in and week out, as the saloon would, and they certainly do not impair working capacity as hard liquor does. There has been debate, at times, whether flamboyant films have not excited some of the youth of the land to crime. If they have, the account should be more than settled by their acceleration of the temperance movement.

The Northern New Jersey banks have been transferred to the New York Federal Reserve District, where they naturally belong. Possibly it may some day strike the Federal Reserve Board gerrymanders that Baltimore outclasses Richmond as a financial centre and that Atlanta is outclassed by New Orleans.

Diplomats scatter ultimatums nowadays about as generously as they used to leave visiting cards.

After advertising their truculence at sea the Germans certainly lived up to the advertisement.

Silence wins a girl \$10,000—How often how many sisters could qualify, even for such a reward?

The Japanese-Chinese ultimatum's chances for first page treatment were also torpedoed.

It's just the Colonel's luck to have got his case in ahead of the German submarines.

The Last Cigar—Nearly.

The week before Christmas a small British detachment were in a very tight corner one night, after being shelled out of a barn and taking shelter in a trench. It was necessary to defend this point to the end, and the captain, second lieutenant and a dozen men were crowded together in the trench waiting for the attack. The captain crept out for a look round an obstruction. When he got back he found a single light smoking cigar—cigar—cigar he had never seen before. He asked him how the cigar came about. The reply was: "My aunt sent me some cigars for Christmas. As there isn't to be any Christmas for us, I thought I might as well smoke it now." The effect of this on the men, all strung up to the last turn, was an immediate easing of the strain. Morning came without the attack, and the party was relieved.

Chocolate Soldiers.

The soldier's weakness for sweetmeats, to which Mr. Bernard Shaw called attention when he wrote "The Chocolate Soldier," has been abundantly confirmed during the present war. The quantity of sweets consumed by our army in France has been prodigious, while from Cairo comes the news that the Australians have absolutely eaten the place out of chocolate. On the troops which brought them, too, it was the same. Thus Captain Bean, the official correspondent of the front, writes: "Our canteen had five times the demand for sweets and soft drinks that was expected and one-fifth the demand for beer."



URGES A TRAFFIC COURT

Reckless Automobile Drivers Could Be Checked Up by Records.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: A year ago The Tribune advocated and laid stress on the need of a new departmental court. Its advocacy can be best appreciated in the realization of such a court in the bill reorganizing the Board of City Magistrates, which has been signed by the Mayor.

As The Tribune took the initiative in the matter, the institution of such a court is a signal triumph for The Tribune. There is still need for the establishment of another court of a different jurisdiction—namely, a traffic, or speeders', court, which would result in the more rigid enforcement of the traffic ordinances and where violators of the traffic law, when apprehended, would soon become known, as their records would be kept in that court.

In view of the startling facts that daily we read, such headlines as "Slaughter in the Streets," "Deaths in the Streets," "Five Die in a Day of Auto Injuries in or About the City," by means of a traffic court record could be kept upon persistent offenders, and licenses could be taken away from chauffeurs and thus cause a check to be placed upon reckless driving. Speeders would become known in short order.

TRIBUNE READER.

New York, May 5, 1915.

Women Voters Not Bossable.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Will the Tribune give a few lines for rebuttal to Mr. Wheeler's contradiction to my statement that "Nearly 4,000,000 women may now vote in this country alone?" He says the total female population of the eleven full suffrage states is only 8,189,496. This latter statement is doubtless the census report for 1910 and only for the eleven full suffrage states.

But women vote in Alaska and in Illinois for President and all national and municipal government and are counted as "women who may vote in this country." We do not know of a census having been taken since 1910, but in figuring the regular growth of these states it amounts to "nearly 4,000,000." But what has that to do with the right to vote? There was a time when not 1,000,000 men voted in this country. That did not change their right to vote.

Mr. Wheeler further says: "I have seen our government during the last fifty years steadily improve." Let us see; that was from the beginning of the reign of Tweed, and we have had a chain or two of chains of "bosses" ever since. The government has been highly satisfactory to a few politicians, but if it had been satisfactory to the people or even the half of the people who have a vote in it, how is it that we had the graft investigation?

Did that convince us that the government was satisfactory? How is it that we have recently changed governors every term, and even in less than a term, in the case of Suizer? This great mud-throwing contest now going on between Barnes and Roosevelt does not seem to prove that our government has been satisfactory to honest private citizens, who support the government. We want the women to vote for the reason that they cannot be controlled by corrupt politicians, as the majority of men now are.

GEORGE M. BEERBOWER.

New York, May 6, 1915.

Religious Advertising.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I wish to express my appreciation for the effort your newspaper is putting forth, through its advertising columns, to induce the general public to attend church every Sunday. It is a highly commendable effort, and I sincerely hope that there will be a lasting effect.

It also gives evidence to the fact that you are a progressive newspaper, and if all the newspapers would follow your lead there would be undoubtedly a far-reaching effect. If it pays to advertise in business, why not in the work of God?

CHANDLER CUDLIPP.

Jersey City, N. J., May 6, 1915.

What the German Fleet Is Doing.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Mr. A. C. Hemker in The Tribune of to-day asks what the German navy is doing to protect German commerce? This gentleman does not seem to be aware that it is thanks to the watchful German navy that the Baltic Sea is kept free from hostile warships and that shipping in the ports of Lubeck and Stettin has never been so brisk as it is now.

W. W. WANGENHEIM.

New York, May 6, 1915.



TO PROTECT TRADE

The Real Object of the British Dardanelles Campaign.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The British stroke at Constantinople, which has elicited sharp criticism in England because of its wastage in men and money more profitably usable in France, is no mere effort to help Russia make good war. The port of Archangel, open within a fortnight or in all likelihood sooner than the Dardanelles, would suffice for that. The British effort is aimed to help the Czar in the present struggle; but even more it is intended to control him in the future.

With Gallipoli peninsula in English hands, Constantinople, for which Russia has strained since Peter the Great, gives the Slavs no path to the sea, no position flanking British commerce and food supply as it flows north through Suez and the Mediterranean to the British Isles. Fortifications protecting the Turkish capital might check the King's navy from raiding into the Black Sea, but would provide no Russian access into the Mediterranean.

This egress Peter and the Romanoffs since him have consistently sought. For a century and a half it depended on the control of the Bosphorus, the strait linking the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora—a strait at its narrowest only six hundred yards wide, easily controllable by the artillery of Peter's day, which would have been of little or no value to control the Dardanelles straits, at their narrowest a mile wide.

The growing power of modern guns changed the problem—gave the bottle two necks instead of one, made the possession of the Gallipoli peninsula and the coast opposite, as well as that of the Bosphorus, essential to Russia's free route to the sea. Indeed Gallipoli is the natural Gibraltar of the eastern Mediterranean, controlling the push of the Slav empire to the Mediterranean as Gibraltar controls the push of the Latin people to the Atlantic.

To-day the British Empire is gaining control of the eastern opening of the Mediterranean, as in July, 1914, she gained the western end. Her aim in both cases is the same—to control the commerce and ships of war of possible enemies and to secure freedom of the seas for her own. Thus the British troops dying on the Gallipoli peninsula, the British ships and seamen sacrificed within the narrows, are not "wasted"; they are spent with cold-blooded foresight to protect a great trade route of the empire and to control that of a possible rival and enemy—spent, in short, to consolidate a control of the sea that has been almost unbroken for three centuries and that to-day is the most formidable in all history.

New York, May 8, 1915.

Public Park Music.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In your issue of May 4 my attention was attracted to a letter signed by a lady, with the display heading "Dummy Musicians in the Parks." The lady goes on to say that during last year she attended many park concert performances at which she detected quite a number of dummy musicians. "Men who sat with instruments in hand which never spoke at all."

Now, much as I regret having to take issue with a lady, still I am forcibly inclined to do so in defence of the vilified and traduced musician, as represented in the M. M. P. U., from whose ranks the public park combinations are selected.

To my personal knowledge, which covers quite a number of years, there has never been a specific instance of verification of this dummy claim, and until such is brought to light these statements are to be taken as totally unwarranted.

Relative to the failure of some instruments to "speak," it must be borne in mind that the requirements of the score in instrumental productions do not contemplate forceful or sonorous "speaking" on the part of all the instruments, but rather seek a harmonious blending, in order to properly interpret the composer.

While the smaller bands, for obvious reasons, could not afford a single dummy, the larger ones would not jeopardize their reputation by such unfair methods.

VICTOR BARAVALLE.

New York, May 8, 1915.



IF—

admit, is being done in every department of life and knowledge. Let a few samples suffice: Periscope, aviator, telephone, oxygen tube, flyer, far speaker, acid matter, ribbin inflammation (Schrohr, Flieger, Fernsprecher, Sauerstoff, Rippenfellentzündung), happily, I think, however clumsy and often ludicrous the retranslation may sound to Anglo-Saxons. Quot homines tot opiniones! Each language follows its own laws.

However, many old loan words are rightly retained. They have sunk too deep into the consciousness of the German people as to, moreover, have long enjoyed European currency. Such words are Religion, Politik and Kultur, only to mention three, although Ackbau has superseded Agrikultur. Taste and wisdom are needed to determine what words should be discarded and what substitutes are to be chosen. Our poets and statesmen, philosophers and philologists, such as Goethe and Bismarck, Schopenhauer and Grimm, have shown that keen linguistic instinct and intuition to the highest degree and past accomplishments promise well for future achievements.

ERNST T. HORRITZ.

New York, May 7, 1915.

The Conning Tower

"WHEN HALF-GODS GO."
Fluttering amid flushed apple-bloom,
A startling dance on the bough;
I watch him from my quiet room
Caper with clown-like mop and now.

His eerie whistle tricks the ear:
Love him not. While this jaunty thing
Prances, and snaps his witty bill,
I shall not hear my blue-bird sing.
LEE WILSON DODD.

Good morning! Is your neutrality of straight?

Just to prove how neutral this Turner of Truculence is this morning, and to avoid the duty of opening indignant letters from our pro-Germ. friends, we repeat that Goethe and Schiller had a lot of talent.

And, lest the anti-Germans assail us, it is admitted that Shakespeare, Montaigne and Turgenev were not without gifts.

Oh, yes, and Virgil had his good points.

To ANNE HOPE,
to make many of Time.

Several kisses, I saw printed,
Merely make you feel you're stunted;
Horace wrote thus, and my eye's inclined to read that same-brand pizen
On the pages of Catullus.—
And, think you, that bird would bull us?
Burns and Byron and Ferd Pinney
Earle have preached the same old shiny.

Then come, Anne, into this bosom,
Put away all thoughts of gruesome
Modesty, and buss me many,
Many kisses—or not any.
Hundreds, thousands, millions, trillions,
Eke all high-ascending-illions:
Three or four are worse'n none, Anne,
All my food I like well done, an'
Quick! (I never shall be sated)
Quick, or superAnnuated
You will be, and I'll be roving—
May's the proper month for moving.

Kiss me now, or not a-tall, dear,
It's the last—believe me—call, dear.
JIMMY O'N.

The adored, by some, Evening Journal
ululates that there is no good fountain-pen—that fountain-pens don't work and all that old stuff that belongs to the era of the stovepipe joke. Our pen—and on busy days it writes perhaps a full tenth of this column—never leaks, never gets out of order, never splutters. Sometimes it gets lost, and then we have a terrible month finding one like the lost one. But we wouldn't trade this \$8 pen for the best typewriter exploited.

Our Own Travelogues.

Sir: La Guayra has the highest R. R. rate known: 40c per half mile, on the Harbor Corporation narrow gauge track. But if you try to get to land any other way the other sharks get you.

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS.

La Guayra, Venezuela.

"Jeff" Tesreau . . . "Babe" Ruth . . . "Cy" Pieh . . . "Bill" Carrigan . . . "Fritz" Maisel . . . "Peck" . . . "Mike" Tobin . . . "Bennie" Kauff . . . "Billy" Sunday . . . The Herald.

Bartlett himself was no more familiar with quotations than is the "esteemed" Herald.

Moore, "Copyread" by the "Quoters." "Believe me," if all those "endearing" "young" "charms," Which I "gaze on" so "fondly" to-day, Were to "change" by to-morrow, and "flee" in my "arms," Like "fairly" gifts "fading away," "Thou" wouldst still be "adored," as this moment "thou" art, Let thy "loveliness" "fade" as it "will," And around the dear "ruin" each wish of my "heart"

Would "entwine" itself "verdantly" still.

It is estimated that this nation saved something like \$500,000 in telegrams yesterday. Think of the number of people who knew the superfluity of wiring the White House to be calm.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Land of neutrality!

S-SH! LET SLEEPING CATS LIE.

Sir: Don't knock the Courts in your column. That cat case hasn't been decided yet. My wife wants to know what to do. Did the subject purrish?

FIFTY-FIFTY.

Among the new publications is a Handbook for Singers. Oh, yes. The author is Norris E. Croker.

From an announcement of a meeting to be held by the Society of Signi Xi, Columbia University: "Dr. W. J. Gies will speak on 'Diseases of the Teeth and Bones, Their Causes and Prevention, with Some Demonstrations.' Refreshments will be served after the meeting."

All is unfair in war, as Mr. G. K. Chesterton might say. Any contrivance proves, satisfactorily to us, why war has to be, can have his name in brevier caps and small caps, signed to his apology.

Can Mr. Robert Todd Lincoln, who knows so much about the Pullman Company, inform us why all porters whistle through their teeth?

The column is run like the Pullman Company. Passengers—that is, contri-butes—often tip the column-porters—office-boys—whom contributions are left with.

Nobody ever tips the conductor.

F. F. A.